

Daily Kentuckian

Published Every Morning Except Monday by
CHAS. M. MEACHAM

Entered at the Hopkinsville Post-office as Second Class Mail Matter.

Established as Hopkinsville Conservative in 1866. Succeeded by Hopkinsville Democrat 1876. Published as the South Kentuckian 1879 to 1889. From 1889 to 1917 as tri-weekly Kentuckian.

Fifty-second Year of Publication.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One year by mail.....\$3.00
One year by carrier.....5.00
Shorter terms at same proportionate rates.

Advertising Rates on Application

212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

WATCH THE DATE—After your name, renew promptly, and not miss a number. The Postal regulations require subscriptions to be paid in advance.



This paper has enlisted with the government in the cause of America for the period of the war.

Henry Ford's U-boat chambers will be known as "Eagles."

The Ohio river is expected to reach a stage of 55 feet at Cincinnati by today, as a result of the floods in West Virginia.

The Kentucky House has passed the bill permitting councilmen in cities of the third class to draw \$5 for each meeting.

In a formal statement the belief is expressed that neutral vessels are now being ruthlessly submarined to assure German dominance.

The commission on the union of the Presbyterian church, failed to agree upon a plan for the proposed merger of the two great church bodies at the final session of their joint conference at Atlantic City.

General Pershing's casualty list cabled Thursday carries the names of seventy soldiers, four of them killed in action, two dead of wounds, one dead of an accident and nine of disease, fourteen wounded severely and forty slightly wounded.

The hospital ship Guilford Castle was attacked unsuccessfully by a submarine in the Bristol channel on March 10. She reached port in a crippled condition heavily loaded with sick and wounded, after being struck by the second of two shots.

Billy Sunday will spend three months in the trenches at the battle-front, fighting the devil, according to his son, Lieut. George A. Sunday, United States Signal Corps, who is on a short furlough home.

The Senate has passed the Harlan bill, submitting to the people a constitutional amendment, permitting the removal of Judges, County Attorneys or peace officers who fail to protect prisoners from mob violence.

Henry P. Davison, chairman of the American Red Cross war council, arrived in England this week. He will make a six weeks' tour of France, Italy and Belgium and Switzerland for the purpose of obtaining first hand impressions of the Red Cross activities.

Cesar Cui, the noted composer, died in Petrograd Thursday. Cui was born at Vilna in 1835, but was of French descent, his father having been one of Napoleon's officers left behind wounded in the retreat from Moscow. The death of the author, Masloff Zaturinski, also occurred at Moscow the same day.

German prisoners of war are to be distributed over areas which the enemy's aircraft are subjecting to attack in their raids, according to the late reports today. "This," says one newspaper, "is being done because the allied governments have learned that prisoners of their nationalities in German hands already have been replaced in all towns which the German government considers likely to be attacked."

That "many want peace at any price," that the "starvation policy of our enemies has a certain extent borne fruit," that "hardships are increasing from day to day," and that "it is becoming daily more difficult to carry on the war to a successful termination" were statements made by Count Julius Andrássy, former Hungarian premier, in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies on February 6, according to German newspapers received in this country.

"Over the Top"

By An American Soldier Who Went

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY
Machine Gunner Serving in France

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Fired by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania by a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in front billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the over-pressed "Tommy."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church services at the front while a German fighter circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rear billets, Empey gets his first experience as a messenger.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII—Back in the front-line trench, Empey sees his first friend of the trenches.

CHAPTER IX—Empey makes his first visit to a "dugout" in "No Man's Land."

CHAPTER X—Empey learns what constitutes a "day's work" in the front-line trench.

CHAPTER XI—Empey goes "over the top" for the first time in a charge on the German trenches and is wounded by a bayonet thrust.

CHAPTER XII.

Over the Top.

On my second trip to the trenches our officer was making his rounds of inspection, and we received the cheerful news that at four in the morning we were to go over the top and take the German front-line trench. My heart turned to lead. Then the officer carried out his instructions. To the best of my memory I recall them as follows: "At eleven a wiring party will go out in front and cut lanes through our barbed wire for the passage of troops in the morning. At two o'clock our artillery will open up with an intense bombardment, which will last until four. Upon the lifting of the barrage the first of the three waves will go over." Then he left. Some of the Tommies, first getting permission from the sergeant, went into the machine gunners' dugout and wrote letters home, saying that in the morning they were going over the top, and also that if the letters reached their destination it would mean that the writer had been killed.

These letters were turned over to the captain with instructions to mail same in the event of the writer's being killed. Some of the men made out their wills in their pay books, under the caption, "Will and Last Testament."

Then the nerve-racking wait commenced. Every now and then I would glance at the dial of my wrist watch and was surprised to see how fast the minutes passed by. About five minutes to two I got nervous waiting for our guns to open up. I could not take my eyes from my watch. I crouched against the parapet and strained my muscles in a deathlike grip upon my rifle. As the hands on my watch showed two o'clock a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in our rear, then thunder, intermixed with a sharp, whistling sound in the air over our heads. The shells from our guns were speeding on their way toward the German lines. With one accord the men sprang up on the fire-step and looked over the top in the direction of the German trenches. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man's Land. The din was terrific and the ground trembled. Then, high above our heads we could hear a sighing moan. Our big boys behind the line had opened up, and 0.2's and 15-inch shells commenced dropping into the German lines. The flash of the guns behind the lines, the scream of the shells through the air, and the flare of them, bursting, was a spectacle that put Paul's greatest display into the shade. The constant pop, pop, of German machine guns and an occasional rattle of rifle firing gave me the impression of a huge audience applauding the work of the batteries.

Our 18-pounders were destroying the German barbed wire, while the heavier stuff was demolishing their trenches and busting in dugouts or bunk holes. Then Fritz got busy.

Their shells went screaming overhead, aimed in the direction of the flares from our batteries. Trench mortars started dropping "Minuties" in our front line. We clicked several casualties. Then they suddenly ceased. Our artillery had tapped or silenced them.

During the bombardment you could almost read a newspaper in our trench. Sometimes in the flare of a shell-burst a man's body would be silhouetted against the parades of the trench and it appeared like a huge monster. You could hardly hear yourself think. When an order was to be passed down the trench you had to yell it, using your hands as a funnel into the ear of the man sitting next to you on the fire-step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four word was passed down. "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "First wave get on and near the scaling ladders."

These were small wooden ladders which we had placed against the para-

GLAD TO TESTIFY

Says Watoga Lady, "As To What Cardui Has Done For Me, So As To Help Others."

Watoga, W. Va.—Mrs. S. W. Gladwell, of this town, says: "When about 15 years of age, I suffered greatly. Sometimes would go a month or two, and I had terrible headache, backache, and bearing-down pains, and would just drag and had no appetite. Then... it would last... two weeks, and was so weakening, and my health was awful."

My mother bought me a bottle of Cardui, and I began to improve after taking the first bottle, so kept it up till I took three. I gained, and was well and strong, and I owe it all to Cardui.

I am married now and have 3 children. Have never had to have a doctor for female trouble, and just resort to Cardui if I need a tonic. I am glad to testify to what it has done for me, so as to help others."

If you are nervous or weak, have headaches, backaches, or any of the ailments so common to women, why not give Cardui a trial? Recommended by many physicians. In use over 40 years. Begin taking Cardui today. It may be the very medicine you need.

NC-130

(Advertisement)

pet to enable us to go over the top on the lifting of the barrage. "Ladders of death" we called them, and veritably they were.

Before a charge Tommy is the politest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was puffing away at an unlighted cigar. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the top with the best of luck and give them hell.'" The famous phrase of the western front. The Jonah phrase of the western front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back you will be minus an arm or a leg. Tommy hates to be wished the best of luck; so, when peace is declared, if it ever is, and you meet a Tommy on the street, just wish him the best of luck and duck the brick that follows.

I glanced again at my wrist watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were cracking overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sandbag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet out in front was agony. Then we passed through lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right front turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he crouched, stumbled, pitched forward and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little mounds of dirt would rise into the air and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bushy trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mad turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then tumbled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in midair, then pitched head down into the German trench. Upon alighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a rifle which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blighty. He had said, "whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in his equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and tugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was the logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me this was the paramount issue. I closed my eyes and lunged

forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left front was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him. They looked like pigmies alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain—just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

(Continued.)

Cause of Cold Feet.
Cold feet may be habitual, constitutional or from general ill health, commonly they are so by habit. Tight shoes, a sedentary life and overeating are often guilty, asserts an authority. When there is too little ventilation of the feet or the stockings are too thick, the relief isn't easy. The feet are kept warm better by wearing thin hose and low shoes, cold baths and vigorous massage, active exercise outdoors—especially walking—than by inactive indoor life. Frequent daily washing of the feet helps to restore their warmth.

Box to Hold Vegetables.
The box should be divided by partitions, the largest space being for potatoes, another for apples, etc. Where space is at such a premium that provisions have to be bought in small quantities this plan will add much to the comfort and convenience of the kitchen. It may be covered neatly and utilized for a seat. Have the cover hinged so that it will be easy to open.

Great Rubber Producer.
The Malay peninsula is the largest rubber-producing and rubber-exporting country in the world. Ten years ago the production was small, as compared with that of Brazil, which was then the principal source of supply. Its advent to first place as a rubber-producing country is due to its favorable climatic and soil conditions.

"We Must Sail, Not Drift."
I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving, writes O. W. Holmes. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

Let Us Buy Your Hides Wool Eggs and Poultry
Haydon Produce Co.

Electric Heater
"Iron
"Machine Motor
"Stove
"Vacuum Cleaner
"Portable
"Fixtures
"Curling Iron
"Hot Pad
"Lights for Home
Telephone 261-2
Baugh Electric Co.

PNEUMONIA
First-class physician.
Then begin hot applications of—
VICKS VAPORUB

PROBES ALLEGED NARCOTIC SALES

LEXINGTON POLICE DEPARTMENT
MENT CALLED IN AID OF
SECRET SERVICE.

Lexington, Ky., March 14.—A probe into the traffic of drugs and narcotics in Lexington, carried on for more than a week by T. S. Ray, a Federal agent, after the local police department had complained to the Federal Government for aid in stamping out the evil, is believed to have furnished sufficient evidence for several indictments when Ray lays his report before the United States grand jury in Covington the first week in April. Ray made known his identity yesterday after having completed his investigation. Seven arrests of drug addicts have been made during the past week.

NEW WORLD'S RECORD.

A world's record production of 918.6 pounds of milk was made in seven days by Raphaella Johanna Aggie III, a registered Holstein, owned by the Napa (Cal.) State Hospital, according to a statement by Owen Duffy, business manager of the hospital. The best previous record was 902.1 pounds of milk in seven days, made by Riverside Sadie De Koll Burke, owned in Woodland, Cal.

Thieves Bury Auto.
Somewhat out of the ordinary in making away with stolen cars was the method of Springfield, Mass., thieves, who buried a car in a lonely wooded spot not far from the state line. Boys passing discovered what appeared to be a newly made grave and notified the police, who when they dug a short time, uncovered a windshield. The car bore a Massachusetts license.

Preferred Locals

FOR RENT.

Apartments in the Pennyroyal. Apply to Mrs. Wall.

Smithson water delivered Tuesdays and Saturdays. Phone 633-1. Advertisement.

Good Morning. Have You Seen The Courier?
Evansville's Best paper.

FOR SALE—Dark Cornish eggs for hatching. \$3 for 15.
DR. C. H. TANDY.

WANTED—Young man with some experience to learn business of printer-pressman, under draft age and if possible without military aspirations.

LAND OWNERS—If you want to sell your farm list it with us immediately. We are in touch with men who are anxious to buy land at good prices. We are likely to have a buyer waiting for just such a place as yours.
BOULDIN & TATE
Phone 217. Cherokee Bldg.

COTTAGE FOR RENT

At 104 West 17th street, 7 rooms, bath, gas, electric lights and city water. Garden and fruit trees. Immediate possession. \$200 a year.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

PROFESSIONALS

Dr. T. W. Perkins
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office Over City Bank, formerly occupied by Dr. Fruit.

Office Phone 124-1—Residence 124-2
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

R. T. JETT, D. V. M.
--VETERINARIAN--
7th and Railroad Sta.
Office.

Cowherd & Altschuler Sale Barn.
Phone 19. Hopkinsville, Ky.

Hotel Latham
Barber Shop
Fine Bath Rooms. Four First-class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, PROP.

| THE MARKET BASKET. | |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| (Prices at Retail.) | |
| Eggs per dozen..... | 30c |
| Butter per pound..... | 50c |
| Breakfast bacon, pound..... | 55c |
| Bacon, extras, pound..... | 38c |
| Country hams, large, pound..... | 35c |
| Country hams, small, pound..... | 37½c |
| Lard, pure leaf, pound..... | 35c |
| Lard, 50 lb. tin..... | \$14.00 |
| Lard, compound, pound..... | 30c |
| Cabbage, per pound..... | 7c |
| Irish potatoes..... | 50c per peck |
| Sweet potatoes..... | 60c per peck |
| Lemons, per dozen..... | 40c |

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------|
| Cheese, cream, per lb..... | 40c |
| Flour, 24-lb sack..... | \$1.70 |
| Ornmeal, bushel..... | \$2.60 |
| Oranges, per dozen..... | 30c to 60c |
| Cooking apples, per peck..... | 60c |
| Onions, per pound..... | 8c |
| Navy beans, pound..... | 15c |
| Navy beans, pound..... | 18c |
| Black-eyed peas, pound..... | 15c |

DR. BEAZLEY

---SPECIALIST---

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Bank of Hopkinsville
Capital Stock \$100,000
Surplus Fund \$25,000

Hopkinsville's Oldest Bank 55 Years Old

Business Efficiency

Under today's new conditions, those having business interests require a broad grasp of financial affairs.

For more than half a century this bank has a record of success.

Our officers welcome consultation.

Start your account in this strong bank THIS month.

We pay three per cent interest on time deposits.

Put your money to work for you NOW. You'll be surprised how easily and quickly it will assume big figures.

J. E. McPHERSON, President
L. H. DAVIS, Vice-President
CHAS. McKEE, Cashier
H. L. McPHERSON, Assist. Cashier

The New Jewelry Store KOLB & HOWE

Jewelers and Opticians

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry

No. 8, South Main Street Hopkinsville, Ky.

We have a complete new line of jewelry, cut glass, ivory, soldiers' supplies, musical instruments, etc.

Bring us your jewelry and watch work. Our repair shop is up to the minute, every article guaranteed.

Let us engrave your stationery, wedding and commencement invitations, announcements, visiting cards.

Gold and silver plating of all kinds A SPECIALTY.

Our work and prices guaranteed.

One price to all.

GEO. KOLB

Phone 344

WALTER HOWE

We Will

Appreciate your account and make your banking easy and pleasant for you.

Take advantage of our SAVINGS PLAN, the easiest and simplest known.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Of Hopkinsville, Ky.